I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe daies:
Plots haue I laid inductious dangerous,
By drunken Propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if King Edward be as true and iuſt,
As I am ſubtile, falſe, and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewed vp,
About a Prophecy which ſaies that G.
Of Edwards heires the murtherers ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with a gard of men.*
Heere Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what meanes this armed gard
That waites vpon your grace?

Clar. His Maieſty tendering my perſons ſafety hath appointed
This conduct to conuay me to the tower.

Glo. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is George.

Glo. Alacke my Lord that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your Godfathers:
O belike his Maieſty hath ſome intent
That you ſhalbe new chriſtened in the Tower.
But vvhats the matter Clarence may I know?

Cla. Yea Richard when I know; for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after Prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wiſard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
Theſe as I learne and ſuch like toies as theſe,
Haue moued his highnes to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhe,

That

That tempers him to this extremity,
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhippe
Anthony Woduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man is ſecurde,
But the Queenes kindred and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe Shore,
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuery.

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widdow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me:
His Maieſty hath ſtreightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen ſo and pleaſe your worſhip Brokenbury,
You may pertake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtroke in yeres, faire and not iealous,
We ſay that Shores wife hath a prety foote,
A cherry lippe, a bonny eie, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentlefolks.
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Miſtris Shore, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were beſt he doe it ſecretly alone.

Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withal forbeare
Your conference with the noble Duke.

We